

THE  
SEARCH  
AFTER  
HAPPINESS:

A  
PASTORAL DRAMA.

The SECOND EDITION.

THE  
SEARCH

AFTER

HANES:



ASTORIA DRAMA.

THE SECOND EDITION.



THE  
SEARCH  
AFTER  
HAPPINESS:  
A  
PASTORAL DRAMA.

---

The Second Edition, with Additions.

---

“ To rear the tender thought,  
“ To teach the young idea how to shoot,  
“ To pour the fresh instruction o’er the mind,  
“ To breathe th’ enliv’ning spirit, and to fix  
“ The gen’rous purpose in the *Female* breast.”

THOMPSON.

BRISTOL:

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 IN  
 THE  
 EAST

The second volume, with illustrations.



By the Rev. J. O. ...  
 Printed and sold by ...  
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 [This Catalogue and Six Plates]

## ADVERTISEMENT.

**I**T has been so hackney'd a practice for Authors to pretend that imperfect copies of their works had crept abroad, that the writer of the following Pastoral is almost ashamed to alledge this as the *real* cause of the present publication. This little poem was composed several years ago (the Author's age eighteen) and recited at that Time, and since, by a party of young Ladies, for which purpose it was originally written; by this means, some mutilated copies were circulated, unknown to the Author, through many Hands.

The unexpected indulgence of the public having render'd a Second Edition necessary, the Author has attempted to render it less unworthy their attention, by adopting such alter-



alterations as more mature reflection has suggested. She is sensible it has still many defects, but if it may be happily instrumental in promoting a regard to Virtue and Religion in the minds of young persons, the end for which it was originally composed, and her utmost wish in it's publication will be fully answer'd.

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---

**Mrs. G W A T K I N.**

DEAR MADAM,

**A**S the following little poem turns chiefly on the danger of *delay*, or *error*, in the important article of *Education*, I know not to whom I can, with more propriety, dedicate it, than to you, as the subject it inculcates has been one of the principal objects of your attention in your own family. Let not the name of *dedication* alarm you: I am not going to offend you by making your eulogium. Panegyric is only necessary to suspicious, or common characters. Virtue will not accept it. Modesty will not offer it.

The

The friendship with which you have honor'd  
me from my very childhood, will, I flatter  
myself, be exerted in my favour on this occa-  
sion, and induce you to pardon me for ven-  
turing, without your permission, to lay before  
you this public testimony of my esteem, and  
to assure you, how much I am,

DEAR MADAM

2 the following little poem was chiefly  
A on the danger of delay, in the  
Dear Madam,

important article of Education, I know not to  
whom I can, with more propriety, dedicate it  
than to you, as the subject it inculcates has  
been one of the principal objects of your atten-

Your obedient,

tion in your own family. Let not the name  
of dedication alarm you; I am not going to  
offer you a dedication in the common sense.  
and obliged humble Servant,

BRISTOL,  
May 10, 1773.

HANNAH MORE.



## The Characters of the *Pastoral*.

EUPHELIA,

CLEORA,

PASTORELLA,

LAURINDA,

} Four Young Ladies of  
Distinction in Search  
of Happiness.

URANIA,

} An ancient Shepherdess.

SYLVIA,

ELIZA,

FLORELLA,

} Her Daughters.

} A Young Shepherdess.

## The introductory ADDRESS.

WITH trembling diffidence, with modest fear,  
Before this gentle audience we appear.  
Ladies! survey us with a tender eye,  
Put on good-nature and lay judgment by.  
No deep-laid plot adorns our humble page,  
But scenes adapted to our sex and age.  
Simplicity is all our author's aim,  
*She* does not write, nor do *we* speak for *fame*.  
To make amusement and instruction friends,  
A lesson in the guise of play she sends;  
She claims no merit but her love of truth,  
No plea to favor, but her *sex* and *youth*:  
With these alone to boast, she sends me here,  
To beg your kind, indulgent, partial ear.  
Of critic *man* she could not stand the test,  
But you with softer, gentler hearts are blest'd,  
With *him* she dares not rest her feeble cause,  
A mark too low for satire, or applause.

Ladies, protect her---do not be satyric,  
Spare censure, she expects not panegyric.

The

**T H E**

**SEARCH after HAPPINESS:**

**A PASTORAL DRAMA.**

**SCENE, a GROVE.**

**EUPHELIA, CLEORA, PASTORELLA, LAURINDA.**

**C L E O R A.**

**W**ELCOME, ye humble vales, ye flow'ry shades,  
Ye chrystal fountains, and ye silent glades!  
From the gay misery of the thoughtless great,  
The walks of folly, the disease of state;  
From scenes, where daring guilt triumphant reigns,  
It's dark suspicions, and it's hoard of pains;  
Where pleasure never comes without alloy,  
And art but thinly paints fallacious joy;  
Where languor loads the day, excess the night,  
And dull satiety succeeds delight;



Where midnight vices their fell orgies keep,  
 And guilty revels scare the phantom Sleep;  
 Where dissipation wears the name of bliss;  
 From these we fly in search of Happiness.

## E U P H E L I A.

Dear, as the shrine that greets the Pilgrim's view,  
 Lo the lov'd place our anxious hopes pursue!  
 These branching oaks, which old as time appear,  
 Proclaim URANIA's lonely dwelling near.

## P A S T O R E L L A.

How the description with the scene agrees!  
 Here lowly thickets, there aspiring trees,  
 The hazle copse excluding noon-day's beam,  
 The tufted arbor, the pellucid stream,  
 The blooming sweet-briar and the hawthorn shade,  
 The springing cowslips and the daisied mead,  
 The wild luxuriance of the full-blown fields,  
 Which Spring prepares, and laughing Summer yields.

## E U P H E L I A.

Here simple nature strikes th' enraptur'd eye  
 With charms, which wealth and art but ill supply;  
 The genuine graces, which *without* we find,  
 Display the beauty of the owner's *mind*.

L A U.

## L A U R I N D A.

These deep embow'ring shades conceal the cell  
 Where sage URANIA and her children dwell:  
 FLORELLA too, if right we've heard the tale,  
 With them resides---the lily of the vale.

## C L E O R A.

But soft, what gentle female form appears,  
 Which smiles of more than mortal beauty wears?  
 Is it the guardian genius of the grove?  
 Or some fair Angel from the choirs above?

*Enter FLORELLA, who speaks.*

Whom do I see?---ye beauteous virgins say,  
 What chance conducts your steps this lonely way?  
 Do you pursue some fav'rite lambkin stray'd,  
 Or do yon alders court you to their shade?  
 Declare, fair strangers, if aright I deem,  
 No rustic nymphs of vulgar rank you seem.

## C L E O R A.

No cooling shades allure our eager sight,  
 Nor lambkins lost our searching steps invite.

## F L O R E L L A.

Or is it haply yonder branching vine,  
 Whose trunk the woodbine's fragrant tendrils twine:

Whose

Whose spreading height with purple clusters crown'd,  
 Attracts the gaze of ev'ry nymph around?  
 Have these lone regions aught that charm beside,  
 FLORELLA's shades, her flow'rs, her fleecy pride?

## E U P H E L I A.

FLORELLA! our united thanks receive,  
 Sole proof of gratitude we have to give;  
 And since you deign to ask, O courteous fair,  
 The motive of our unremitting care:  
 Know then, 'tis Happiness we would obtain,  
 That fairest prize our fondest wish would gain;  
 By Fancy's mimic pencil oft pourtray'd,  
 Still have we woo'd the visionary maid,  
 The lovely phantom mocks our eager eyes,  
 And still we chace and still we miss the prize.

## C L E O R A.

Long have we search'd throughout this bounteous isle,  
 With constant ardor and with ceaseless toil:  
 The various ways of various life we've try'd,  
 But Peace, sweet Peace, hath ever been deny'd.  
 We've sought in vain thro' ev'ry different state,  
 The rich, the poor, the lowly, and the great:

Doth



Doth she with Kings in palaces reside,  
 Or dwell obscurely, far from pomp and pride?  
 To learn this truth, we've bid a long adieu  
 To all the shadows blinded men pursue.  
 ---We seek URANIA, her whose virtues fire  
 Our virgin hearts to *be* what we *admire*.  
 Fair fame hath blazon'd her accomplish'd mind  
 The lovely mansion of the graces join'd;  
 For tho' with care she shuns the public eye,  
 Yet worth like her's unknown can never lie.

# L A U R I N D A.

On such a fair and faultless model form'd,  
 By prudence guided, and by virtue warm'd,  
 Perhaps, FLORELLA can direct our youth,  
 And point our footsteps to the paths of truth?

# F L O R E L L A.

Ill would it suit my unexperienc'd age  
 In such important questions to engage,  
 My youthful mind unskilful to discern,  
 Nor fit to teach, who yet have much to learn;  
 But would you with maturer years advise  
 And reap the counsel of the truly wise,

The

The Dame you seek inhabits yonder cell,  
 In her united worth and wisdom dwell,  
 Poor, not dejected, humble, yet not mean,  
 Cheerful, tho' grave, and lively, tho' serene,  
 Benevolent, kind, pious, gentle, just,  
 Reason her guide, and Providence her trust;  
 If Heav'n, indulgent to her little store,  
 Adds to that little, but a little more,  
 With pious praise her grateful heart o'erflows,  
 And sweetly mitigates the sufferer's woes.  
 Her labors for devotion best prepare,  
 And meek devotion smooths the brow of care.

Two lovely daughters make her little state,  
 The dearest blessings of propitious fate.  
 Under her kind protecting wing I live:  
 She gives to all---for she hath much to give,  
 Since Heav'n hath bless'd her with an ample *heart*,  
 That Wisdom's noblest treasures can impart;  
 But just in all it's dispensations, join'd  
 A narrow fortune to a noble mind.

# P A S T O R E L L A.

Her bright perfections charm my list'ning ear!  
 Elate with hope, we come to seek her here:

Then

Then lead FLORELLA, to that humble shed,  
Where Peace resides, from courts and cities fled.

## A S O N G.

## I.

O Happiness, celestial fair,  
Our earliest hope, our latest care,  
O hear our fond request;  
Vouchsafe, coy fugitive, to tell  
On what sweet spot thou lov'st to dwell,  
And make us truly blest.

## II.

Amidst the walks of public life,  
The cares of wealth, ambition's strife,  
We long have sought in vain;  
The crowded city's noisy din,  
And all the busy haunts of men,  
Afford but care and pain.

## III.

Pleas'd with the soft, the soothing pow'r  
Of calm reflection's silent hour,  
Sequester'd dost thou dwell?



*Where care and tumult ne'er intrude,  
Dost thou reside with Solitude,  
Thy humble votaries tell?*

IV.

*O Happiness, celestial fair,  
Our earliest hope, our latest care,  
Let us not sue in vain;  
O deign to bear our fond request,  
Come take possession of our breast,  
And there for ever reign.*

*(They retire.)*



## S C E N E, the GROVE.

URANIA, SYLVIA, ELIZA.

A S O N G by SYLVIA.

*S*WEET Solitude, thou placid Queen  
 Of modest air and brow serene,  
 'Tis thou inspir'st the Poet's themes,  
 Wrapp'd in soft visionary dreams,

## I.

*Parent of Virtue, nurse of Thought,  
 By thee were Saints and Patriarchs taught,  
 Wisdom from thee her treasures drew,  
 And in thy lap fair Science grew,*

## II.

*Whate'er exalts, refines and charms,  
 Invites to thought, to virtue warms,  
 Whate'er is perfect, fair and good,  
 We owe to thee, sweet Solitude.*

## III.

*In these blest shades thou dost maintain  
 Thy peaceful unmolested reign;*

*No turbulent desires intrude  
On thy repose, sweet Solitude.*

## IV.

*With thee the charm of life shall last,  
Ev'n when it's rosy bloom is past,  
And when slow-pacing Time shall spread  
It's silver blossoms o'er my head;*

## V.

*No more with this vain world perplex'd,  
Thou shalt prepare me for the next;  
The springs of life shall gently cease,  
And Angels point the way to peace.*

## U R A N I A .

Ye tender objects of maternal love,  
Ye dearest joys URANIA e'er can prove;  
Behold another chearful morn arise,  
Behold the Sun, all-glorious mount the skies!  
Say, can you see this animating light,  
Without a fervent, pious, calm delight?  
Does not that Sun, whose all-prolific ray  
Inspires each object to be light and gay,  
Does not that vivid pow'r teach ev'ry mind,  
To be as warm, benevolent and kind,

To



To burn with unremitted ardor still,  
 Like *him* to execute their Maker's will?  
 Then, let us, Power Supreme! thy will adore,  
 Invoke thy mercies and proclaim thy pow'r;  
 Shalt thou these benefits *in vain* bestow?  
 Shall we forget the source from whence they flow?  
 Teach us thro' these to lift our hearts to Thee,  
 And in the gift the bounteous Giver see;  
 To view Thee, as thou art, all good and wise,  
 Nor let thy blessings hide Thee from our eyes;  
 From all obstructions clear our mental sight,  
 Pour on our souls thy beatific light;  
 Teach us thy wond'rous goodness to revere,  
 With love to worship, and with rev'rence fear;  
 In the *mild* works of thy *benignant* hand,  
 As in the *thunder* of thy dread command;  
 In *common* objects we neglect thy pow'r,  
 Nor heed a miracle in ev'ry flow'r;  
 Yet neither hurricanes, nor storms proclaim  
 In *louder* language, thy Almighty Name.  
 ---Tell me, my first, my last, my darling care,  
 If you this morn have rais'd your hearts in pray'r?  
 Say, did you rise from the sweet bed of rest,  
 Your God unprais'd, his holy name unbles'd?

S Y L V I A.

Our minds with gratitude and reverence fraught  
By those pure precepts you have ever taught,  
By your example more than precept strong,  
Of pray'r and praise we've tun'd our matin song.

E L I Z A.

And now, once more, with usual joy, attend  
The counsels of our fond, maternal friend.

*Enter FLORELLA, with EUPHELIA, CLEORA, PASTORELLA, LAURINDA.*

FLORELLA, (*aside to the Ladies.*)

See how the goodly dame with pious art,  
Makes every thing a lesson to the heart !  
Observe the duteous list'ners, how they stand !  
Improvement and delight go hand in hand,

U R A N I A.

But where's FLORELLA ?

F L O R E L L A.

Here's the happy she,  
Whom Heav'n most favor'd when it gave her thee.

U R A N I A.

But who are these, in whose attractive mien,  
So sweetly blended, ev'ry grace is seen ?

Speak,

Speak, my FLORELLA, say the cause why here  
These beauteous damsels on our plains appear?

F L O R E L L A.

Invited hither by URANIA's fame,  
To seek her friendship, to these shades they came.  
Straying alone at morning's earliest dawn,  
I met them wandering on the verdant lawn.  
I courted their's, nor did they shun my love,  
I've brought them here your sage advice to prove.

U R A N I A.

Tell me, ye gentle nymphs, the reason tell,  
Which brings such guests to grace my lowly cell;  
Ask what we have to give---it is not our's,  
Heaven has but lent it us to make it your's.

C L E O R A.

Your counsel, your advice is all we ask,  
And for URANIA that's no irksome task.  
'Tis HAPPINESS we seek : O deign to tell,  
Where the coy fugitive delights to dwell?

U R A N I A.

Ah, rather say, where you have sought this guest,  
This lovely inmate of the virtuous breast?

Declare



Declare the various methods you've essay'd,  
 To court and win the bright celestial maid,  
 But first, tho' harsh the task, each beauteous fair  
 Her ruling passion must with truth declare.

E U P H E L I A.

Bred in the regal splendors of a court,  
 Where pleasures, dress'd in every shape, resort;  
 I tried the pow'r of pomp and costly glare,  
 Nor e'er found room for thought, or time for pray'r;  
 In different follies every hour I spent,  
 Without reflection whence could rise content?  
 My hours were shar'd betwixt the Park and Play,  
 And music serv'd to waste the tedious day;  
 Yet softest airs no more with joy I heard,  
 Soon as some sweeter warbler was preferr'd;  
 The dance succeeded, and succeeding tir'd,  
 If some more graceful dancer was admir'd;  
 No sounds but flattery ever sooth'd my ear,  
 Ungentle truths I knew not how to bear;  
 In drawing-rooms my dull, pale vigils spent,  
 With ardor fought, but found not *there* Content;  
 The Syren mock'd me with delusive charms,  
 I grasp'd---the shadow fled my eager arms.

The

The scorpion Envy goaded still my breast,  
 Some newer beauty robb'd my soul of rest ;  
 Or if my elegance of form prevail'd,  
 And haply her inferior graces fail'd ;  
 Yet still some cause of wretchedness I found,  
 Some barbed shaft my shatter'd peace to wound :  
 Perhaps her gay attire exceeded mine---  
 When she was *finer* how could I be *fine* ?

S Y L V I A.

Pardon my interruption, beauteous maid !  
 Can truth have prompted what you just have said ?  
 Do you believe it possible, that *dress*  
 Can lessen, or advance your Happiness ;  
 Or that your robes, tho' splendid, rich and fine,  
 Possess intrinsic value more than mine ?

E L I Z A.

Is nature then to folly so ally'd ?  
 Can decency become the source of pride ?  
 Or moves mankind by *custom's* slavish rule,  
 And is it *fashion* constitutes the fool ?

C L E O R A.

Of Happiness unfound I too complain,  
 Sought in a different path, but sought in vain :

D

I sigh'd

I figh'd for *fame*, I languish'd for renown,  
 I wou'd be prais'd, carefs'd, admir'd, and known.  
 On daring wing my mounting spirit soar'd,  
 And science thro' her boundless fields explor'd;  
 I scorn'd the falique laws of pedant schools,  
 Which chain our genius down by tasteless rules:  
 I long'd to burst these female bonds, which held  
 My sex in awe, (by thirst of fame impell'd;)   
 To boast each various faculty of mind,  
 Thy graces, POPE! with JOHNSON's learning join'd:  
 Like SWIFT, with strongly pointed ridicule,  
 To brand the villain, and abash the fool:  
 To judge with taste, with spirit to compose,  
 Now mount in epic, now descend to prose;  
 Steal flow'rs from BURKE, at once *sublime* and *sweet*,  
 From MASON numbers, and from COLMAN wit;  
 Thy talents, MELMOTH, HUME, thy polish'd page!  
 All HAMMOND's softness, and all DRYDEN's rage;  
 I pin'd for passion, sentiment, and style,  
 To weep with OTWAY, and with GOLDSMITH smile:  
 With poignant STERNE to laugh the hours away,  
 Or court the muse of elegy with GRAY.  
 With LANGHORNE, fancy's fairy walks to range,  
 And please, like LANGHORNE, howsoe'er I change;

*Abstruser*



*Abstruser* studies soon my fancy caught,  
 The poet in th' astronomer forgot;  
 The schoolmen's systems now my mind employ'd,  
 Their chrystal Spheres, their Atoms, and their Void;  
 NEWTON, and HALLEY all my soul inspir'd,  
 And *numbers* less than *calculations* fir'd;  
 DESCARTES, and EUCLID shar'd my varying breast,  
 And plans and problems all my soul possess'd;  
 Less pleas'd to sing inspiring Phœbus' ray,  
 Than mark the flaming comet's devious way;  
 The pale moon dancing on the silver stream,  
 And the mild lustre of her trembling beam;  
 No more cou'd charm my philosophic pride,  
 Which sought her influence on the flowing tide;  
 No more ideal beauties fir'd my thought,  
 Which only facts and demonstrations sought;  
 "Let common eyes, I said, with transport view,  
 "The earth's bright verdure, or the Heav'n's soft blue,  
 "False is the pleasure, the delight is vain,  
 "Colours exist but in the *vulgar* brain."  
 I now with LOCKE trod *metaphysic* soil,  
 Now chas'd coy nature thro' the tracks of BOYLE;  
 Sigh'd for their fame, but fear'd to share their toil.

The laurel wreath, in fond idea twin'd,  
To grace my learned temples I design'd.

These were my notions, these my constant themes,  
My daily longings and my nightly dreams;  
The thirst of Fame my bosom robb'd of rest,  
And envious Spleen became its constant guest.

PASTORELLA.

To me, no joys cou'd pomp, or fame impart,  
Far softer thoughts possess'd my virgin heart.  
No prudent parent form'd my ductile youth,  
Nor pointed out the lovely paths of truth.  
Left to myself to cultivate my mind,  
Pernicious *novels* their soft entrance find:  
Their pois'nous influence led my mind astray,  
I sigh'd for something, what, I cou'd not say;  
I fancy'd virtues, which were never seen,  
And dy'd for heroes, who have never been;  
I sickn'd with disgust at sober sense,  
And loath'd the pleasures worth and truth dispense;  
Contemn'd the manners of the world I saw,  
My guide was fiction, and romance my law.  
Strange images my wand'ring fancy fill,  
Each wind a zephyr, and each brook a rill;

I found

I found adventures in each common tale,  
 And talk'd and sigh'd to ev'ry passing gale;  
 Convers'd with echoes, woods and shades and bow'rs,  
 Cascades and grottos, fields and streams, and flow'rs.

Reason perverted, Fancy on her throne,  
 (My soul to all my sex's softness prone ;)  
 I neither spoke, nor look'd as mortal ought,  
 By sense abandon'd and by folly taught:  
 A victim to imagination's sway,  
 Which stole my health, and rest, and peace away.  
 Professions, void of meaning, I receiv'd,  
 And still I found them false---and still believ'd:  
 Imagin'd all who courted me, approv'd,  
 Who prais'd, esteem'd me, and who flatter'd, lov'd.  
 Fondly I hop'd, (now vain those hopes appear,)  
 Each man was faithful and each maid sincere.  
 Still, disappointment mock'd the lingering day:  
 Still, new-born wishes kept my soul in play.

When in the rolling year no joy I find,  
 I trust the *next*, the *next* will sure be kind;  
 The next, fallacious as the *last* appears,  
 And sends me on to still *remoter* years,  
 They come---they promise, but forget to give;  
 I *live* not, but I still *intend* to live.

At



At length, deceiv'd in all my schemes of bliss,  
I join'd these three in search of Happiness.

E L I Z A.

Is this the world of which we want a fight?  
Are these the beings who are call'd polite?

S Y L V I A.

If so, oh gracious Heav'n! hear SYLVIA's pray'r,  
Preserve me still in humble virtue here!  
Far from such baneful pleasures may I live,  
And keep, O keep me from the taint they give!

L A U R I N D A.

'Till now, I've slept on life's tumultuous tide,  
No principle of action for my guide;  
From *ignorance* my chief misfortunes flow,  
I never wish'd to learn, or car'd to know;  
With ev'ry folly slow-pac'd time beguil'd,  
In size a woman, but in soul a child;  
In slothful ease my moments crept away,  
And busy trifles fill'd the tedious day;  
I liv'd extempore, as fancy fir'd,  
As chance directed, or caprice inspir'd:  
Too indolent to think, too weak to chuse,  
Too soft to blame, too gentle to refuse;

I took

I took my colouring from the world around,  
 The figures they, my mind the simple ground:  
 Fashion with monstrous forms the canvas stain'd,  
 'Till nothing of my genuine self remain'd;  
 My pliant soul from chance receiv'd it's bent,  
 And neither good perform'd, or evil meant:  
 From right to wrong, from vice to virtue thrown,  
 No character possessing of it's own.

Tho' more to folly, than to vice inclin'd,  
 A dread vacuity possess'd my mind;  
 Too old to be with infant sports amus'd,  
 Unfit for converse, and to books unus'd;  
 The wise avoided me, they cou'd not hear  
 My senseless prattle with a patient ear.

Disgusted, restless, every plan amiss,  
 I come with these in search of Happiness.

### C L E O R A.

We thus united by one common fate,  
 Resolv'd on virtue if not yet too late,  
 Have form'd a friendship, which thro' life shall last,  
 And vows and choice and love have bound it fast.

### U R A N I A.

Your candor, beauteous damsels, I approve,  
 Your foibles pity, and your merits love.

How

How few, O sacred virtue! can acquire  
That heart-felt transport thy pure flames inspire!

But ere I say the methods you must try  
To gain the glorious prize for which you sigh,  
Your fainting strength and spirits must be cheer'd  
With a plain meal, by temperance prepar'd.

F L O R E L L A.

No luxury our humble board attends,  
But love and concord are it's smiling friends.

A S O N G,

By F L O R E L L A.

I.

*HAIL, artless Simplicity, beautiful maid,  
In the genuine attractions of nature array'd;  
Let the rich, and the proud, and the gay and the vain,  
Still laugh at the graces that move in thy train;*

II.

*No charm in thy modest allurements they find,  
The pleasures they follow a sting leave behind:  
Can criminal passion enrapture the breast  
Like virtue with peace and serenity blest?*

*O wou'd*



## III.

*O wou'd you Simplicity's precepts attend,  
Like us with delight at her altar you'd bend,  
The pleasures she yields would with joy be embrac'd,  
You'd practise from virtue, and love them from taste.*

## IV.

*The linnet enchants us the bushes among,  
Tho' cheap the musician, yet sweet is the song;  
We catch his soft warbling in air as he floats,  
And with extasy hang on his ravishing notes.*

## V.

*Our water is drawn from the clearest of springs,  
And our food, nor disease, nor satiety brings;  
Our mornings are chearful, our labors are blest,  
Our ev'nings are pleasant, our nights crown'd with rest.*

## VI.

*From our culture yon garden it's ornament finds,  
And we catch at the hint for improving our minds;  
To live to some purpose we constantly try,  
And we mark by our actions the days as they fly.*

*Since such are the joys that Simplicity yields,  
 We may well be content with our woods and our fields :  
 How useless to us then, ye great, were your wealth,  
 When without it we purchase both pleasure and health.*

*(They retire into the Cottage.)*



( 25 )

S C E N E, the GROVE.

FLORELLA, EUPHELIA, CLEORA, LAURINDA, and  
PASTORELLA.

A S O N G,

By F L O R E L L A.

I.

*W*HILE Beauty and Pleasure are now in their prime,  
And Folly and Fashion expect our whole time,  
Ah let not those phantoms our wishes engage,  
Let us live so in youth that we blush not in age.

II.

Tho' the vain and the gay may attend us awhile,  
Yet let not their flattery our prudence beguile,  
Let us covet those charms that will never decay,  
Nor listen to all that deceivers can say,

III.

"How the tints of the rose, and the jess'mine's perfume,  
"The eglantine's fragrance, the lilac's gay bloom,  
"Tho' fair and tho' fragrant unheeded may lie,  
"For that neither is sweet when FLORELLA is by."



## IV.

*I sigh not for beauty, nor languish for wealth,  
But grant me, kind Providence, virtue and health,  
Then richer than Kings, and as happy as they,  
My days shall pass sweetly and swiftly away;*

## V.

*For when time shall admonish that youth is no more,  
And age, wrinkled age shakes his glass at my door,  
What charm in lost beauty or wealth shou'd I find?  
My treasure, my wealth is a sweet peace of mind.*

## VI.

*That Peace I'll preserve then, as pure as 'twas giv'n,  
And taste in my bosom an earnest of Heav'n,  
For Virtue and Wisdom can warm the cold scene,  
And sixty may flourish as gay as sixteen.*

## VII.

*And when long I the burthen of life shall have borne,  
And Death with his sickle shall cut the ripe corn,  
Resign'd to my fate without murmur or sigh,  
I'll bless the kind summons and lie down and die.*

EUPHE-

## E U P H E L I A.

Thus sweetly pass the hours of rural ease,  
Where life is bliss, and pleasures truly please!

## P A S T O R E L L A.

With joy we view the dangers we have past,  
Assur'd we've found *Felicity* at last.

## F L O R E L L A.

Expect not *perfect Happiness* below,  
Nor heav'nly plants on earth's low soil to grow.  
Judge no one happy by their outward air,  
All have their portion of allotted care;  
Tho' Prudence wears the semblance of content  
When the full heart with agony is rent,  
Secludes it's anguish from the public sight,  
And feeds on sorrow with a sad delight :  
Shuns ev'ry eye to cherish darling grief,  
This fond indulgence it's supreme relief.

To mend the heart is sharp affliction sent,  
A blessing in disguise, it's true intent  
To stem impetuous passion's furious tide,  
To curb the insolence of prosperous pride,

To

To wean from earth, and bid our wishes soar  
 To that blest clime where pain shall be no more,  
 Where wearied virtue shall for refuge fly,  
 And ev'ry tear be wip'd from ev'ry eye.

Know, e'en URANIA, that accomplish'd Fair,  
 Whose goodness makes her Heaven's peculiar care,  
 Full oft' e'er she her present peace attain'd,  
 The bitter cup of woe hath deeply drain'd,  
 With those sad eyes hath wept a husband dead,  
 With those poor hands hath earn'd her infants bread.  
 In affluence born, and bred in splendid state,  
 Hath felt the cruellest extreme of fate;  
 Meekly resign'd and patient in distress,  
 She knew the hand which wounds, hath pow'r to bless;  
 Instead of murmuring at his sacred will,  
 Grateful she bow'd for what he left her still,  
 Rememb'ring *Who* to erring man did spare  
 One Son exempt from sin but none from care;  
 Taught by his precepts, by his practice taught,  
 Her will submitted, and resign'd her thought,  
 Thro' Faith she look'd beyond these earthly scenes  
 To where nor care nor sorrow intervenes.

*Enter*



*Enter URANIA, SYLVIA, ELIZA.*

U R A N I A.

Since, gentle Nymphs, my friendship to obtain,  
 You've sought this peaceful, tho' sequester'd plain,  
 My honest counsel with attention hear,  
 Tho' plain, well-meant, imperfect, yet sincere;  
 What from maturer years alone I've known,  
 What Time has taught me, and experience shewn;  
 No polish'd phrase my artless speech will grace,  
 But unaffected candor fill it's place.  
 Know then, that life's chief happiness and woe,  
 From good or evil Education flow,  
 And hence our future dispositions rise,  
 The vice we practise, or the good we prize.  
 When pliant nature any form receives  
 That Precept teaches, or Example gives,  
 The yielding mind with virtue shou'd be grac'd,  
 For first impressions seldom are effac'd,  
 If Ignorance then her iron sway maintains,  
 If Prejudice presides, or Passion reigns,  
 The erring Principle is rooted fast,  
 And fix'd the Temper that thro' life may last.

P A S-

## P A S T O R E L L A.

With heart-felt Penitence we now deplore,  
Those squander'd hours that Time can ne'er restore.

## U R A N I A.

EUPHELIA sighs for *flattery, dress, and show,*  
The too, too common source of *female woe!*  
In *Beauty's* sphere pre-eminence to find,  
She flights the culture of th' immortal *mind*;  
I would not rail at Beauty's charming pow'r,  
I would but have her aim at something more;  
Beauty with reason needs not quite dispense,  
And coral lips may sure speak common sense;  
Beauty makes virtue lovelier still appear,  
Virtue makes beauty more divinely fair!  
Confirms it's conquest o'er the willing mind,  
And those your beauties gain, your virtues bind.  
Yet would Ambition's Fire your bosom fill,  
It's flame repress not---be ambitious still;  
Let nobler views your best attention claim,  
The object chang'd, the passion be the same,  
Indulge the true ambition to excel  
In that best Art, the Art of living well.

E U P H E.

## E U P H E L I A.

Unhappy those to bliss who seek the way,  
 In Pow'r superior, or in Splendor gay!  
 Inform'd by thee, no more vain man shall find  
 The charm of flattery taint EUPHELIA's mind;  
 By thee instructed still my views shall rise,  
 Nor stop at any mark beneath the skies.

## U R A N I A.

LAURINDA's dark, untutor'd mind may shew  
 What ills from want of Education flow.  
 Yet still, tho' late, let Wisdom be your care,  
 Nor waste the precious hours in vain despair,  
 Associate with the Good, attend the Sage,  
 And meekly listen to experienc'd age.  
 What, if acquirements you have fail'd to gain  
 The truly wise may want, the bad attain,  
 Know that *Religion's* sacred treasures lie  
 Inviting, open, plain to ev'ry eye,  
 For ev'ry age, for ev'ry genius fit,  
 Nor limited to Science, nor to Wit,  
 To elevated talents not confin'd,  
 But all may learn what was for all design'd,



She calls, solicits, courts you to be blest,  
And points to mansions of eternal rest.

And when, advanc'd in years, matur'd in sense,  
Think not with farther care you may dispense;  
'Tis fatal to the interests of the soul,  
To stop the race before we've reach'd the goal,  
For nought our higher progress can preclude  
So much as thinking we're already good;  
Then place the standard of fair Virtue high,  
Pursue and grasp it e'en beyond the sky.

### L A U R I N D A

O that important Time cou'd back return  
Those mispent hours whose loss I deeply mourn;  
Accept, just Heav'n, my penitence sincere,  
My heart-felt anguish, and my fervent pray'r.

### U R A N I A,

I pity PASTORELLA's hapless fate,  
By nature gentle, generous, mild, yet great;  
One false propension all her pow'rs confin'd,  
And chain'd her finer faculties of mind,  
Yet ev'ry virtue might have flourish'd there  
With early culture, and *maternal* care.

If

If *Good* we plant not, *Vice* will fill the mind,  
 And weeds despoil the space for flow'rs design'd.  
 The human heart ne'er knows a state of rest,  
 Bad tends to worse, and better leads to best;  
 We either gain or lose, we sink or rise,  
 Nor rests our struggling nature 'till she dies:  
 Those very passions that our peace invade,  
 If rightly pointed, blessings may be made;  
 Then rise, my friend, above terrestrial aims,  
 Direct the ardor which your breast inflames,  
 To that pure region of eternal joys,  
 Where fear disturbs not, nor possession cloy,  
 Beyond what fancy forms of rosy bow'rs,  
 Or blooming chaplets of unfading flow'rs,  
 Fairer than e'er imagination drew,  
 Or poet's warmest visions ever knew;  
 Press eager onward to those blissful plains,  
 Where one unbounded Spring for ever reigns.

# P A S T O R E L L A.

I mourn the errors of my thoughtless youth,  
 And long, with thee, to tread the paths of truth.

## U R A N I A:

*Learning* is all the fair CLEORA's aim,  
 She seeks the loftiest pinnacle of Fame,  
 Wou'd she the privilege of *Man* invade?  
 Science for *female* minds was never made;  
*Taste*, *elegance*, and *talents*, may be our's,  
 But *learning* suits not our less vigorous powers,  
 Learning but roughens, polish'd *Taste* refines,  
 DACIER less lovely than SEVIGNE shines;  
 Know, fair Aspirer, cou'd you even hope  
 To speak like STONHOUSE, or to write like POPE,  
 To join like FERNEY's, or like HAGLEY's Sage,  
 Th' Historic, Ethic, and Poetic page,  
 With all the powers of Wit and Judgment fraught,  
 The flow of *style*, and the sublime of thought;  
 Yet, if the milder graces of the mind,  
 Graces peculiar to the sex design'd,  
 Good-nature, patience, sweetness void of art,  
 If these embellish'd not your virgin heart  
 You might be *dazzling*, but not truly *bright*,  
 A pompous glare, but not an useful light,  
 A *Meteor* not a *star* you would appear,  
 For *Woman* shines but in her proper sphere.

Accom-



Accomplishments by Heaven were first design'd,  
 Less to adorn than to amend the mind;  
 Each shou'd contribute to this general end,  
 And all to virtue as their centre tend;  
 Th' acquirements which our best esteem invite,  
 Shou'd not project, but soften, mix, unite,  
 In glaring light not strongly be display'd,  
 But sweetly lost, and melted into shade.

## C L E O R A.

Confus'd with shame to thy reproofs I bend,  
 Thou best adviser, and thou truest friend!  
 From thee I'll learn to judge, and act aright,  
*Humility* with *reading* to unite,  
 The finish'd character must *both* combine,  
 The *perfect Woman* must in either shine.

## U R A N I A.

FLORELLA shines adorn'd with every grace,  
 Her heart all virtue, as all charms her face,  
 Above the wretched and below the great,  
 Kind Heaven has fix'd her in the middle state,  
 From rich, and poor, at equal distance thrown,  
 The smile invidious, and th' insulting frown,

The

The Dæmon *Fashion* never warp'd her soul,  
 Her passions move at reason's wise controul,  
 Her eyes the movements of her heart declare,  
 For what she dares to *be*, she dares *appear*;  
 Unlectur'd in dissimulation's school,  
 To smile by precept and to blush by rule.  
 Reason in her to pure religion tends,  
 Subservient only to the noblest ends,  
 True piety 's the magnet of her soul  
 Which upward points, immortal bliss the pole.

She smooths the path of my declining years,  
 Augments my comforts, and divides my cares.

# P A S T O R E L L A.

O sacred Friendship, O exalted state,  
 The choicest bounty of indulgent fate!

# U R A N I A.

Wou'd you, ye fair, the bright example give,  
 Fir'd with ambition, men like you wou'd live,  
 Wou'd chuse for merit, and esteem for sense,  
 And taste the solid transports these dispense.  
 No more would Rakes disdain the married life,  
 Nor scorn that poor neglected thing—a wife;

But

But shunning each delusive path of sin,  
 All joy without, all sweet content within,  
 Would rouse at virtue's and at honor's voice,  
 And *love* from *reason*, whom they *lik'd* from *choice*:  
 Then marriage wou'd with peace go hand in hand,  
 And Concord's temple close to Hymen's stand.

How blest, would each to Reason's voice submit,  
 Nor *Man* affect *controul*, nor *Woman*, *wit*;  
 If strife begins how seldom does it cease,  
 'Till Discord breaks the golden bond of peace!  
 Abhor beginnings---always dread the worst,  
 Admit a doubt and you're compleatly curst.  
 Nor vice alone, e'en foibles may destroy  
 Domestic peace, and taint the nuptial joy.

Let Woman then her *real* good discern,  
 And her *true* interests of URANIA learn,  
 Her lowest name, the tyrant of an hour,  
 And her best empire negligence of power,  
 By yielding she obtains the noblest sway,  
 And reigns securely when she seems t' obey.

### E U P H E L I A.

With double grace she pleads Discretion's cause  
 Who from her life her virtuous lesson draws.

U R A



## U R A N I A

As some fair violet, loveliest of the glade,  
 Sheds it's mild fragrance on the lonely shade,  
 Withdraws it's modest head from public sight,  
 Nor courts the Sun, nor seeks the glare of light,  
 Shou'd some rude hand prophanelly dare intrude,  
 And bear it's beauties from it's native wood,  
 Expos'd abroad it's languid colors fly,  
 It's form decays and all its odors die.  
 So *Woman*, born to dignify retreat,  
 Unknown to flourish, and unseen be great,  
 To give domestic life it's sweetest charm,  
 With softness polish and with virtue warm,  
 Fearful of Fame, unwilling to be known,  
 Shou'd seek but Heaven's applauses, and her own,  
 No censures dread, but those which crimes impart,  
 The censures of a self-condemning heart,  
 With Angel-kindness should behold distress,  
 And meekly pity where she can't redress,  
 Like beaming Mercy wipe affliction's tear,  
 But to *herself* not *Justice* so severe,  
 Her passions all corrected, or subdu'd,  
 But one---the virtuous thirst of doing good,

This

This great ambition still she calls her own,  
This best ambition makes her breast it's throne.

## C L E O R A.

Let's join to bless that pow'r who brought us here,  
Adore his goodness and his will revere,  
Assur'd that *Peace* exists but in the *mind*,  
And *Piety* alone that *Peace* can find.

## U R A N I A.

In it's true light this transient Life regard,  
A state of trial only, not reward;  
Tho' rough the passage, peaceful is the port,  
The bliss is perfect, the probation short:  
Of human wit beware the fatal pride,  
An useful Follower, but a dangerous Guide,  
On holy Faith's aspiring pinions rise,  
Assert your birth-right, and assume the skies.

FOUNTAIN OF BEING---teach us to devote  
To thee each purpose, action, word and thought;  
Thy grace our hope, thy love our only boast,  
Be all distinctions in the CHRISTIAN lost;  
Be this in ev'ry state our wish alone,  
ALMIGHTY, WISE, and GOOD, Thy Will be done.

O D E  
T O C H A R I T Y.

O CHARITY, divinely wise,  
Thou meek-cy'd Daughter of the skies!  
From the pure fountain of eternal light,  
Where fair, immutable, and ever bright,  
The Beatific Vision shines,  
And Angel with Archangel joins  
In choral songs to sing his praise,  
PARENT OF LIFE, ANCIENT OF DAYS,  
Who was e'er Time existed, and shall be  
Thro' the wide round of vast Eternity,  
Oh come thy warm benevolence impart,  
Enlarge my feelings, and expand my heart!

O THOU, entron'd in realms above,  
Bright effluence of that boundless Love  
Whence joy and peace in streams unfullied flow,  
Oh deign to make thy lov'd abode below,  
Tho' sweeter strains adorn'd my tongue  
Than Saint conceiv'd, or Seraph sung,  
And tho' my glowing fancy caught  
Whatever ART, or NATURE taught,

Yet



*Yet if this hard unfeeling heart of mine  
 Ne'er felt thy force, O CHARITY divine!  
 An empty shadow Science wou'd be found,  
 My knowledge ignorance, my wit a sound.*

*Tho' my prophetic spirit knew  
 To bring futurity to view,  
 Without thy aid ev'n this wou'd nought avail,  
 For Tongues shall cease, and Prophecies shall fail:  
 Come then, thou sweet celestial guest,  
 Shed thy soft influence o'er my breast,  
 Bring with thee FAITH, divinely bright,  
 And HOPE, fair harbinger of light,  
 To clear each mist with their pervading ray,  
 To fit my soul for Heav'n and point the way,  
 Where PERFECT HAPPINESS her sway maintains,  
 For there the GOD OF PEACE for ever, ever reigns.*

T H E E N D.

Let if this hand unceasing breath of mine  
 We or felt thy force, O CHARITY descend!  
 As empty bosoms Science would be found  
 My knowledge ignorance, my soul a sound  
 The my prophetic spirit knows  
 To bring humanity to know  
 Without the aid of this word's weight again  
 For I know that each and Providence shall find  
 Come then, from your celestial goal,  
 Shed thy soft influence o'er my soul,  
 Bring with thee Peace, thy heavenly light,  
 And show me the way of light  
 To clear each mind with its own guiding ray  
 To fit my soul for heaven and point the way  
 When Harvest Morn comes for my maintenance  
 For there the GOD OF PEACE for ever reigns

THE END

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## A PROLOGUE to *HAMLET*,

Spoken by the late Mr. POWELL on his  
Benefit-Night, at the THEATRE at JACOB'S-  
WELL, in 1765.

**W**HEN genius flourish'd, and when SHAKESPEARE  
wrote,

When *Plays* nor wanted wit, nor *Prologues* thought;  
Phoebus, to crown a merit so confess'd,  
Decreed this boon to make his darling bless'd;  
Two beauteous daughters of immortal Jove,  
(Enchanting virgins, form'd alone for love,)  
He brought, and both beside the Poet plac'd,  
Who, *each* admir'd, and *each* by turns embrac'd;  
He knew not which to leave nor which to chuse,  
This was the Comic, that the Tragic Muse;  
Now, blithe THALIA, buxom, debonair,  
Seem'd all his wish, ambition, pride and care;  
Then, sweet MELPOMENE his soul possess'd,  
*She* was the gentlest, softest, loveliest, best;

To



To strains harmonious each attunes her lyre,  
 With solemn sweetness, or with living fire ;  
 Perplex'd---the charm'd, divided Poet stood,  
 Transported, lost---alternately subdued.  
 Phœbus the wav'ring of his soul descried,  
 And pass'd his leave to make *each* fair his bride,  
 The God---strange sentence ! tho' 'twas given on high,  
 For this one time allow'd *Polygamy* ;  
 Th' enraptur'd bard unites each jarring wife,  
 And, wondrous tale ! adores them both for life.

To-night, for *your* applause, *my* dearest fame,  
 I bring an offspring of the *Tragic* Dame ;  
 No thundering hero angry Jove defies,  
 Nor impious lover storms against the skies ;  
 To draw the gen'rous, sympathetic tear,  
 The *filial virtues* shall to-night appear ;  
 A flame so holy, and so chaste a zeal,  
 As Heav'n might look on, or as Saints might feel :  
 Beauties on beauties strike the dazzled eyes,  
 New beauties still on former beauties rise :  
 Oh nature ! whence this pow'rful, magic sway,  
 That from our bosoms steals our souls away ?

If,

If, to draw characters most justly bright,  
 To contrast light with shade and shade with light,  
 To trace up passions to their inmost source,  
 And greatly paint them with uncommon force,  
 If these, obedient still to nature's laws,  
 Excite our wonder and exact applause,  
 Be these, immortal SHAKESPEARE! ever thine,  
 To feel, to praise, and to adore them, *mine*:  
 Engrave thy genuine feelings on this breast,  
 Be all my bosom with thy stamp impress'd!

Pardon this tribute\*---nature will have way,  
 To SHAKESPEARE *nature* must her tribute pay.  
 Nor think presumption claims too large a part,  
 If I aspire to boast a grateful heart.  
 Oh gratitude! thou deity confess'd,  
 Thou angel passion in a human breast,  
 Forgive, if dearer to my soul than fame  
 I steal one ray of thy celestial flame:  
 With honest transport bring the spark divine,  
 And offer it, as incense, at this shrine.†

\* Weeps. † To the Audience

A PRO-

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## A P R O L O G U E,

To the Tragedy of KING LEAR:

Spoken at the Theatre in *King-street, Bristol*,  
by the late Mr. POWELL, to introduce  
Mrs. POWELL, who appeared in the Part  
of CORDELIA.

W I T H grateful joy, with honest pride elate,  
See, a Triumvir\* of our little state.  
In ancient *Rome*, by custom 'twas decreed,  
That civic crowns shou'd be the victor's meed;  
Let victor's wear the gift of public laws  
---My noblest civic crown is *your* applause!

Thou, at whose shrine we nightly sacrifice,  
Thou God of pathos, soul of SHAKESPEARE, rise!  
Teach me thy melting, thy persuasive art,  
To wake the tenderest feelings of the heart.

Blush

\* The Theatre was conducted by three Managers, of which  
Mr. POWELL was one.



Blush not, ye good, ye grave, to shed a tear,  
 It falls from *virtue* if it falls for LEAR;  
 No wild licentious picture shall excite  
 The kindly dew-drops of your eyes to-night:  
 By no false colouring drawn, no lawless plan:  
 'Tis not the KING demands them,---'tis the MAN.

Let meaner bards, uncertain of success,  
 Cloath their thin thoughts in all the pomp of dress:  
 When mighty Kings appear, let meaner bards  
 Place royalty in trappings, state and guards;  
 Our SHAKESPEARE scorns such paltry, futile arts,  
 He, whilst he charms you, *meliorates* your hearts:  
 Rouses each nobler feeling of the mind,  
 His volume *nature*, and his theme *mankind*;  
 For this, eternal honors grace his name,  
 And never-dying laurels crown his fame!

The hoary monarch of to-night, aspires  
 To kindle *pity's* lamp at *nature's* fires.  
 Weakness and passion, tenderness and rage,  
 The fire of youth, the frowardness of age,  
 With filial cruelty's acutest sting,  
 Rend the sad bosom of a wretched King:

Unworthy, 'till by crushing woes distress'd,  
Greatest when fall'n, and noblest when oppress'd.

Now let me, trembling, lift an anxious eye,  
And touch each chord of soft humanity;  
Let me, in each kind face, read sweet applause,  
Whilst I presume to plead a *woman's* cause;  
To-night---the *second* æra of my life,  
I venture here my *pupil*, more---my *wife*!  
Imagine all her doubts, and all her fears,  
Her soft alarms, her apprehensive tears;  
No sanguine hope her aching bosom fires,  
No fancied fame her timid soul inspires;  
Indulge her with the sunshine of *your* praise,  
A frown wou'd kill her, as a smile cou'd raise:  
The fearful blossom will, with joy, expand,  
If kindly nurtur'd by your soft'ring hand.  
Come then, CORDELIA, come! for sages tell  
'Tis worthy praise but to *endeavour* well;  
Thus, hand in hand, to the same point we'll tend,  
Nature our *means*, morality our *end*.

If modest hope be crown'd, if sweet success  
Her humble wish, her rising efforts bless:

She'll

She'll think 'twas *here* her trembling steps first mov'd,  
And be more grateful as she's more approv'd ;  
*You* she'll esteem her friends, her fame, her fate,  
And from this hour her future fortunes date ;  
Then smile, propitious smile, and make for life  
One grateful *Husband*, and one happy *Wife*.

